

The floating population of New York city, according to an accurate estimate, is 400,000.

There are more than twenty boys under eighteen years of age in the British army who have won the Victoria cross for bravery.

As an example of the amount of gold in the world, the mines of New Zealand have alone produced \$250,000,000 worth of the precious metal.

Maine has a foreign-born population of 78,961 and a colored population of 1823. Of its total population 332,590 are males and 328,496 are females.

The extent of the immigration of Canadians into the United States is indicated by the fact that in New England alone there are 250 French-Canadian societies, with a membership of 40,000.

At the present time about 600 out of every 1000 men in the United States who have reached the age of thirty years are unmarried, and the Brooklyn Citizen thinks that the proportion of the unmarried is still increasing.

The perseverance which conquers all things, observes the New York Times, has recently made for itself a shining mark in the case of two New York men who, after years of toil and study, have invented for use in both arms of the Government service a fuse that high official authorities have pronounced superior to anything of its kind now in use.

Wheat-growers in England, like those in this country, have suffered, declares the Boston Cultivator, from low prices. The cost of an acre of wheat in that country is very nearly \$40, which is very near the selling product of an average crop at average prices. The rise in price has led to larger sowing of wheat, but not enough larger to make a very large increase of the product.

Some time since it was reported that a blacksmith of Levis, Canada, had rediscovered the method of tempering copper, once in use but lost, so that it could be used for many purposes for which steel alone is generally deemed available. Now, states the Brooklyn Citizen, it is reported that the same man, Allard by name, has discovered a method by which aluminum can be tempered so that it is actually as hard as steel. The test was made at the request of a New York firm, and Abbe Laflamme, the scientist of the Laval University of Quebec, has given Allard a certificate indorsing his discovery.

The New York Times says: Americans have recently had such convincing proofs of the deep-rooted and widespread growth in Italy of murderous associations like the Camorra and Mafia as to be well prepared for the official statement that the average number of persons condemned yearly for voluntary homicide is fourteen times more than in England and twenty times more than in Switzerland. The authorities give statistics of 21,600 persons murdered in Italy between the years 1882 and 1886. These statements and others have induced a spurt of feverish activity on the part of the military police authorities; but a good deal more systematic and continuous energy needs to be shown in Italy before the country can be purged of the menace indicated by this criminal revival.

Those persons who think that extravagance, like charity, should begin at home, will derive much satisfaction, believe the New York Times, from the theory advanced by Henry Clows, the famous Wall street speculator, that the cholera scare may yet be worth a great many millions of dollars to this country. "Asiatic cholera is a disease naturally foreign to our country," said Mr. Clows to the writer. "It is epidemic only in foreign lands. The recent cholera scare is therefore likely to impel people on this side of the Atlantic to forego their annual foreign traveling and sight-seeing and do their own country instead of undertaking the dangerous tour of Europe. If Americans can be made to realize that to leave their own country is to incur the danger of getting cholera bacilli into their systems, the afore-said cholera scare will have served a good purpose and be a great gain to this country. I do not hesitate to say that the army of American travelers abroad each year spends at least \$100,000,000. If this amount can be cut down one-half that sum, which should be done to restrain our national extravagance within the bounds of reason, immense advantages would accrue."

**Crossing the Bar.**  
Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me!  
And may there be no moaning of the bar,  
When I put out to sea.  
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out the boundless deep,  
Turns again home.  
Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark!  
And may there be no sadness of farewell  
When I embark:  
For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have cross'd the bar.  
—[Lord Tennyson.]

### A WAR STORY.

TOLD BY AN EX-CONFEDERATE.

It was about 10 o'clock at night and the Federals under Gen. Hunter were lying in front of Lynchburg. Why they did not enter we did not know and never learned, but they must have overestimated the thin line of Confederate defenders, as they hesitated to advance. Be that as it may, they could easily have walked over us that night, for we had but a few hundred hungry, tired and worn-out Confederates to bar their advance. Conditions changed, however, before morning. About 10 o'clock that night I was on picket, posted behind a hillock, from which I could see the Yankee picket about 200 yards away. Just behind me there was a thicket of underbrush or low bushes, following the low ravine along the foot of the hill.

I had kept a suspicious eye on that long scattering line of underbrush for over an hour, for I knew that it led around the little hill and out in front of the Federals, and thought how easily the Yankees could creep up and around in our rear if they only knew of it. About ten o'clock I heard some one making his way through the brush, coming in my direction. Whoever he was he did not try to conceal his advance, but came along stumbling and crashing through the brush, muttering and grumbling as though he was considerably out of humor over something.

The nature of his advance relieved me of any alarm I might otherwise have felt, but as I knew that no one had any business tramping and crashing about in the brush and making noise enough to attract the attention of the enemy, I fell back a few paces and waited until the fellow struck the little opening fifteen or twenty feet away. Instead of a drunken Confederate, which I more than half expected to see, a blue-coated Yankee kicked his way through the last brush and came to a halt as if he had been shot at the command. "Halt! Throw down that gun!"

"Well, I'll be blessed if you ain't a rebel!"

"Yes, and you are a Yankee. Step out and hold up your hands." He had dropped his gun, and when I saw that he had no other arms I told him to sit down on the grass. The fellow's surprise and astonishment was too clearly apparent for a mistake, but I concluded to question him, and asked: "How did you get in here and what were you after?"

"After! what do you s'pose a fellow'd be after who hasn't had anything to eat for two days?"

"You didn't expect to get a lunch down on Red Row over there, in Lynchburg, did you?"

"Not by a big sight; I didn't know I was outside of our lines, but then I must have been so hungry that I didn't notice, and I expect our pickets are too blamed hungry to keep a sharp lookout, and so they didn't see me. Don't see how I got in here. Say! sure you're a rebel?"

I told him there was no doubt on that score, anyhow, and that our fellows had not been in danger of fondering from a superabundance of good things, or very ordinary, common, every-day sort of food either for months, but as I had a pretty good chunk of cornbread in my haversack, I would divide.

"Sit where you are and help yourself," said I, as I pitched the grub sack down beside him. It does me good today to shut my eyes and see that little white-headed Yankee eat. It did me so much good even then that I stood and looked down on him as he rammed a handful of coarse cornbread into his mouth, then turned up his canteen and filled up the lateretics with water and wound up by gulping down the mass as quickly as muscles and ravenous energy could perform that function. I kept on looking and the Yankee kept on eating until the confounded fellow had eaten his share and mine, too. "Well, I'll be hanged—" I was beginning in conser-

nation (and I was about to finish by swearing a little, I'm afraid, as I think over it at this late day), when my prisoner seemed also suddenly struck with the knowledge of having imposed upon my hospitality, for as soon as he could gulp down the last mouthful he said, "Blame my buttons, Johnny, if I hain't eat up the lot. I'm sorry, but I was so hungry I didn't know—"

Then we looked at each other and the whole affair struck us so ludicrous that we both burst into a hearty laugh. I sat down and laughed until the tears ran down my cheeks, and that Yankee rolled over and laughed and made such a racket that I was afraid some of the pickets in front of us would open fire, but they didn't.

While we were still laughing the relief came, and the officer in command said to me:

"Where did you get that fellow?"

The fellow's good nature and his enjoyment of the joke (an unconscious one, of course) was so great that I determined, on the impulse of the moment, to get better acquainted with him before turning him over as a prisoner, if possible, and when I reported to my superior I added that the prisoner came from Ohio, not a great distance from my old home in West Virginia, and that I would like to have a talk with him. [In explanation I will say that the prisoner had told me that he belonged to another regiment.] Of course, under ordinary circumstances, such a thing would have been impossible, but just as our line was filing into town the whistle of locomotives and rattle of drums announced the arrival of reinforcements, and while the attention of the squad was attracted I nudged my prisoner and slipped into camp with him without attracting attention.

Lying under a dog tent we talked for several hours. I told him where I came from, and found that he had actually been born and raised not thirty miles distant from my old home, although in a different state. He knew many of my acquaintances, and I had known many people with whom he had been familiar. Any one listening to us would have thought we were old acquaintances and old friends, and we certainly became friends, if not old ones, that night. My Yankee friend began to show a great deal of uneasiness before a great while, and I soon learned that he had a terrible dread of being sent to Libby, but as I had succeeded thus far in running things to suit myself, I told him not to be uneasy, but to lie still until I came back.

First I made him take off his blouse and his cap, and these I rolled up and carried out of the tent under my arm. In fifteen minutes I had exchanged the blue jacket and cap for the gray jacket and gray slouch hat of a Confederate—it's owner was asleep. From another sleeping soldier I borrowed a big chunk of cornbread. Returning to the tent I told my prisoner to put on the jacket and hat—a mighty risky business for both of us—and then led him down over the hill, keeping in the dark, until we struck the same ravine where I had captured him, but at a point 100 feet distant from the picket. After guiding him to the opening between the hills, I pointed out the direction of the camp of his friends, and after telling him that they had probably retreated (which I learned afterward was a fact), I told him to keep on going, as our fellows would make things lively that morning. We then shook hands and parted.

Five years ago, while sitting in a big country store in Ohio with about a dozen ex-Union soldiers, swapping war stories, I told of the foregoing occurrence. When I got up the next morning a half dozen horsemen had just arrived, and at their head was a middle-aged gentleman whose air and carriage betokened prosperity and happiness. He sprang from his horse and walked—almost ran—to the porch of the hotel where I was standing, seized me by both shoulders with a pair of trembling hands, looked me in the eyes a moment, as if in doubt, and then actually hugged me as the tears ran down his cheeks. "God bless you, Johnny. I have always hoped, but never expected to see you again. Get your things and come along," and, actually, before I could recover my senses or catch the first glimpse of the meaning of the strange scene, I was seated on a horse in the midst of the crowd and on my way somewhere before I found out that the gentleman who had met me so affectionately was my quondam prisoner.

What a talk we had, and how many questions each of us asked I cannot now tell, but they covered the lapse of the years between the time when the bullets sang requiems and the shell and shrapnel shrieked, down over decades of peace and prosperity. Our ride ended in front of a fine, large two-

story brick country residence, about which everything indicated the intelligent cultivated taste of its owners. An old but sweet-faced and handsome lady stood at the top step of the veranda, and as my conductor led me up to her and said: "It is he, mother," she placed her arms around my neck and kissed me, and while the tears fell from her eyes, she said: "God bless you, my son; may He always prosper you."

I did not get away that day, nor the next, and when I did leave on the third day, forced by pressure of business, I left behind me friends whom it is one of the greatest pleasures of my life to visit.—[T. BOND, in New York Sun.]

### People Who Live Long.

"What occupation tends most to prolong life?" asked a reporter of the chief mathematician for one of the great life insurance companies.

"That is a difficult question," he replied. "I can only answer it by referring to the occupations of persons whose lives are and have been insured by us. Inasmuch as they number several hundreds of thousands they will afford a pretty good basis from which to draw conclusions on the subject. According to this evidence it appears that commercial travelers and agents live longer than men in any other kind of business, notwithstanding the hazards which attend transportation by rail and water. Next to them come dentists, teachers and professors, including music teachers."

"And who after them?"

"Next to them in longevity are haters, clergymen and missionaries. The last may occasionally furnish food for the larder of untutored savages, but they are a first-class risk nevertheless. Next come bankers and capitalists, who seem to live just a trifle longer than butchers and marketmen. Lawyers and jewelers follow, and they are succeeded on the list by merchants, peddlers, milkmen and pawnbrokers. Then come gardeners, laborers, civil engineers and canvassers. Perhaps the treatment which canvassers are apt to receive in the ordinary course of their business shortens their lives."

"Where do newspaper men come in?"

"Oh, they don't live so long as any of the people I have mentioned. Even bookkeepers and bank cashiers, as well as artists and architects, are ahead of them. They come in next with the printers, physicians, and gentlemen who are not engaged in any active employment. Then follow the apothecaries and photographers, and then in order bakers, cigarmakers, real estate agents, army officers and soldiers, liquor dealers, mariners and naval officers. Shortest lived of all seem to be the auctioneers, boardinghouse keepers, barbers and diviners."

"Do you take into consideration the question of a customer's occupation in granting a policy?"

"Not unless it is more hazardous than any of those I have mentioned, though if he were in doubt about accepting the man as a risk for other reasons, such a point might turn the scale."—[Washington Star.]

### A Tender Hearted Dog.

A sick dog took up its abode in the field behind our house, relates a correspondent, and after seeing the poor thing lying there for some time, I took it food and milk and water. The next day it was still there, and when I was going out to feed it, I saw that a small pug was running about it, so I took a whip out with me to drive it away. The pug planted itself between me and the sick dog, and barked at me savagely, but at last I drove it away, and again gave food and milk and water to my protégé. The little pug watched me for a few moments, and as soon as he felt quite assured that my intentions toward the sick dog were friendly, it ran to me wagging its tail, leaped up to my shoulder, and licked my face and hands, nor would it touch the water till the invalid had had all it wanted. I suppose that it was satisfied that its companion was in good hands, for it trotted happily away, and did not appear upon the scene again.—[London Spectator.]

### Rebuking a Tenor.

A tenor in a Brooklyn church often endeavored to cause fun in the choir by making droll faces at the other singers. There was one member of the congregation who considered his levity idiotic. In the collection basket he dropped a paper containing these words: "To the Pastor:—The services would be much more interesting if you could persuade your tenor to act more like a man, and less like a monkey." The pastor handed the slip to the tenor, and since then, during service, his face has been as grave as that of a high-priced sexton.

### FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

#### TO PREPARE SOUSE.

Clean and scrape pigs' feet and ears, throw into brine for three days, pour off and make new brine for them. At the end of three days take out and cook in fresh water; when cold put in a jar and sprinkle with a little salt. Prepare enough vinegar to cover them, add whole cloves and stick cinnamon, heat boiling hot and pour over the souce. In two days they will be ready for use. Cover closely.—[New York Observer.]

#### WHAT PULLED BREAD IS.

Pulled bread is considered better than crackers for the cheese course in a dinner or luncheon. Put a loaf of light, flaky bread—baker's when convenient, and let it heat through in a moderate oven. It will take about twenty-five minutes for this. Take from the oven and with a fork tear the soft part into thin, ragged pieces. Spread these in a pan and put them in a hot oven to brown. It will take about fifteen minutes to make them brown and crisp. Serve at once on a napkin.—[New York World.]

#### "JOHNNY CAKE."

"Johnny cake" is a good old fashioned Southern breakfast dish which is not as universally known as it deserves to be, although most of us remember to have had a decided weakness for it in our childhood. Here is an excellent recipe for its manufacture; Scald white Indian meal which has been sifted, stir it thoroughly, add a little salt and cold milk to make it thin enough to turn into a baking tin, which must be greased to prevent it from sticking. Make it one inch thick in the pan and bake in a quick oven. It will take about twenty minutes to cook.—[New York Tribune.]

#### AN APPLE COMPOTE.

Wash and wipe some fine-flavored apples (not sweet). Core them with an apple-corer, being careful not to leave in any of the hulls, which sometimes penetrate far into the fruit; then pare them evenly, so that they will be smooth and of good shape. Boil gently in water, enough to just reach the tops, with a square inch or two of thin lemon-peel, a teaspoonful of sugar being added for each apple. Cook until they are soft, but not broken; they will need careful watching toward the last, lest they go to pieces; when done lift them out into a glass dish. The amount of water used will depend upon the number of apples, but whatever is used, boil it until it is reduced one-half. Fill the holes with apple, grape or any bright-colored jelly, and when the syrup is cool pour it over. When the apples are thoroughly cooked, without breaking, they make a pretty dish.—[New York Journal.]

#### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Emery powder will remove ordinary stains from ivory knife handles.

Lay a piece of charcoal upon a burn, leave it there one hour, and the burn will be healed.

Old kid gloves cut up in fine pieces are regarded as particularly soft and durable cushion stuffing.

Crude oil is excellent to wipe wood-work and furniture with, according to a painter. Wipe off with a clean cloth.

When washing red table-cloths and napkins put a little borax in the water. They will clean easily, and will not fade.

A pinch of salt in the whites of eggs as you are setting them in the icebox to cool before beating adds to the ease and success of that operation.

To keep bread jar and cake box sweet rinse after washing with boiling water in which has been dissolved a little soda. Rinse, wipe and set them out in the sun a few hours.

A good way to keep a knife perfectly sharp is to use a "rifle," such as farmers sharpen their scythes upon. A few turns on this will give an edge that will cut through anything.

Salt, for table use, should have mixed with it a small quantity of corn starch before putting it into either salt seller or salt shaker. This will prevent the tendency to form solid lumps.

A little care to straighten out the stems and leaves in a bouquet, and to take out the withered and straggling parts, will improve it so much that one realizes that even flowers are lamer for dainty handling.

The total acreage of Scotland is 18,946,694. Of this comparatively small landed area one nobleman owns 1,826,000 acres and his wife 149,873 acres more.

### SOLDIERS' COLUMN

#### THE SECOND CORPS.

A Comrade Tells of Some of the Victories They Won After Hancock Left Them.



The Second Corps, under the command of the intrepid Warren, on the 10th of October, 1863, fought and out-generaled both Ewell's and Hill's Corps. Giving Ewell a rib-roaster at Auburn, it marched rapidly to Bristol station where Hill's Corps had occupied

its line of retreat, and which, although in line of battle he did not even hesitate to attack, although greatly outnumbered. It was a small battle but a great victory, the Second Corps adding to its trophies 400 prisoners, two battleflags and five pieces of artillery.

The driving of Hill's Corps through the thickets of the Wilderness for a mile and a half on the 9th of May 1864, and holding both Longstreet's and Hill's Corps from doubling up the left of the army, may not be considered a victory, but it kept Lee from repeating Chancellorsville; and on the 7th he was glad to hide his army behind breastworks. We will add here that the arrival of Longstreet on the field just in the nick of time prevented the Second Corps from achieving the greatest victory during its organization.

It was on the night at Spottsylvania on the 10th of May, 1864, that the corps lost its first gun. It was abandoned in the woods because of runaway horses, who wedged it between trees, where it could not be extricated. The writer stood close beside it; it was silent, but oh! how I wished it could speak before leaving I fired, at a rest, off the left wheel at the rebel color bearer just opposite. This was not a victory, Mr. Hull, neither was it a defeat, as our brigade had imperative orders to withdraw, and which had to be repeated several times before the men fell back.

Two days later the Second Corps scored another triumph. I refer, Mr. Hull, to the records of the battle of Spottsylvania Court-house and the morning that Hancock sent his famous dispatch: "I have cleaned out Early and am now going into Ewell"—both commands a rebel infantry corps. The net proceeds of this 20-hour battle of the Second Corps at the now famous angle, according to history, 4,000 prisoners, the enemy's fortified line, an abundance of dead Confederates, 25 cannon, and 30 rebel battleflags. The morning of the 10th of May in the eyes of Mr. Hull, but to the rank and file of the Second Corps it seemed and was a great success. To the Confederates it gave them to understand that although they might build earthworks to the skies, the Yankee soldier was at any time (able to climb over them and bayonet the strongest before breakfast.

It seems strange that men who, like Mr. Hull, claim to be conversant with war history should have the audacity to assert that the Second Corps was constantly knocked out after Hancock's departure. The facts are, and every soldier of the Second Corps will bear me out in it, as well as official records and history, that the Second Corps, under the famous Warren, in the final campaign of 1864, did not lose a single battle. Beginning with the 31st of March the First Division, under the lead of that prince of soldiers, Gen. Miles, attacked the enemy along the White Oak Road while smiling in victory over the forces of the First Corps back. Miles led his division in and drove the Confederate line into their works, capturing many prisoners.

The assault of the Crow House redoubts by the Second Corps on the 2nd of April, capturing the rebel cannon and the cannon therein, and nearly all the garrison, gave the rebel chieftain to understand that another victory had been won. The retreat of Pickett from Five Forks and the rebel divisions of Anderson and Heth from the Confederate right being forced to a fight by Gen. Miles' command (the First Division) at Sutherland Station, April 2, would not, according to the version of Mr. Hull, be a Second Corps victory; nevertheless the rebel line was carried by the men carrying the redoubt. The brigade to which the writer belonged, commanded by Gen. Ransey, alone captured 600 prisoners, two pieces of artillery, and Private Phillips, of my own company, a battleflag. From Sutherland Station to Appomattox it was one continuous victory. The morning of the 4th of April the Confederate Corps on the 6th of April is still vivid in my boyhood memory. Its last stand, near Parkinson's Mill, on Sailor's Creek, where a sharp, short contest gave the victorious and many soldiers of the Second Corps 1,700 prisoners, 13 battleflags, four cannons, and the main wagon-trains of Lee's army. Gen. Humphreys in his report of the campaign, says: "The loss of the Second Corps this day was 571 officers and men killed and wounded. Nothing could have been fiercer than the spirit and promptness of the officers and men."

This must have been quite a victory. We got the goods, and the rebels streamed through the woods as fast as their legs could carry them. They were stopped, as of yore, by a "head-by-Yank" will see you again." The men of the Second Corps called it a victory, shouldered their rifles, and marched on, snuffing victory from every breeze, and when the head of the corps came up with Longstreet the men were anxious to wipe up the dust with the veterans of his command. Longstreet moved out of the way, an armistice was asked and the letter from Lee to Grant passed through the lines of the Second Corps.

I have written this hastily and mostly from memory, and if not entirely satisfactory to Mr. Hull of Virginia, will refer to some kind old man that was too innocent to invade the old Dominion. To the boys and men of the Second Corps who so nobly assisted in preserving the Union, the intelligent man of this day will not ask them what victories they won. It was written at that time with bayonet and ball, and no man can efface it until history is burned up and all participants dead.—C. T. BASS in National Tribune.

The recent death of an actress in London by poisoning, followed soon after by that of Dr. Heron, who facilitated his departure by the use of a razor, attracted much more attention than the pair would have received had they behaved themselves and continued to live. The Doctor left a statement that he had gone to join the actress. As about the time Heron first met her his wife died, also of poisoning, the awful possibility suggests itself that, if the actress is awaiting him somewhere with a smile of welcome, the wife may also be there and mar an occasion otherwise satisfactory.